Harlan John Bushfield

LATE A SENATOR FROM
SOUTH DAKOTA

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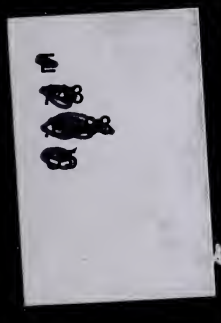

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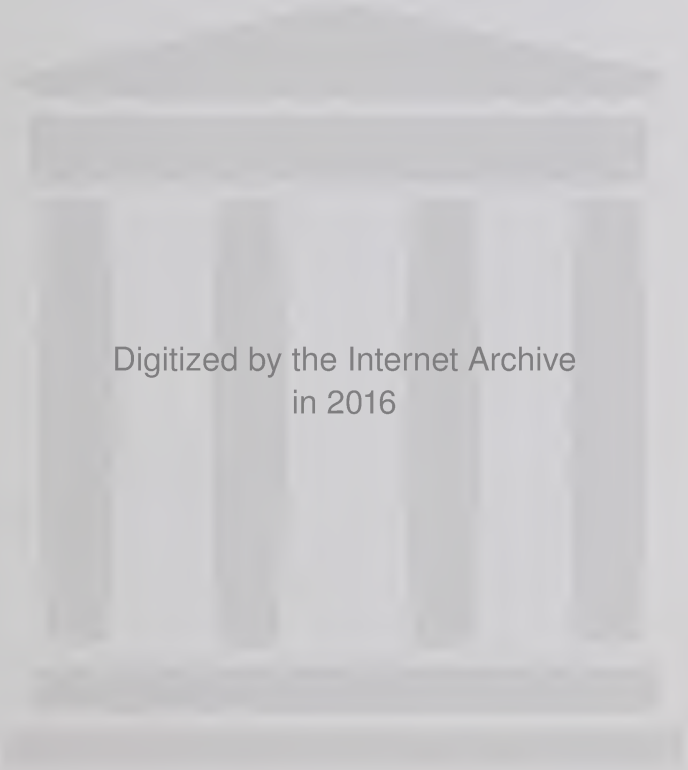
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Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER WITH REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY OF

Harlan John Bushfield

LATE A SENATOR FROM SOUTH DAKOTA

Eighty-first Congress
First Session

UNITED STATES
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Contents

	Page
Biography	5
Memorial services in the House:	
Memorial service program	11
Prayer by the Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery	13
Roll of deceased Members, read by Mr. Alney E. Chaffey, reading clerk of the House	14
Address by Mrs. Reva Beck Bosone, of Utah	16
Address by Mrs. Frances P. Bolton, of Ohio	21
Benediction by the Chaplain	30
Proceedings in the Senate:	
Tributes by—	
Mr. Chan Gurney, of South Dakota	33
Mr. E. H. Moore, of Oklahoma	35
Mr. George D. Aiken, of Vermont	35
Mr. Milton R. Young, of North Dakota	36
Proceedings in the House:	
Tribute by Mr. Francis Case, of South Dakota	41

Biography

HARLAN JOHN BUSHFIELD was born in Atlantic, Cass County, Iowa, August 6, 1882; moved with his parents to South Dakota in 1883; attended the public schools in Miller, S. Dak., and Dakota Wesleyan University, Mitchell, S. Dak., 1899–1901; was graduated from the Minnesota University Law School at Minneapolis in 1904; was admitted to the bar the same year and commenced practice in Miller, S. Dak.; served as Governor of South Dakota 1939–42; elected as a Republican to the United States Senate in 1942 and served from January 3, 1943, until his death in Miller, S. Dak., September 27, 1948; interment in the G. A. R. Cemetery.

In the House of Representatives

THURSDAY, *May 12, 1949.*

Mrs. NORTON. Mr. Speaker, by direction of the Committee on House Administration, I offer a privileged resolution (H. Res. 186) providing for holding memorial services on Wednesday, May 25, 1949 (Rept. No. 574), and ask for its immediate consideration.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That on Weanesday, the 25th day of May 1949, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand at recess for the purpose of holding the memorial services as arranged by the Committee on House Administration under the provisions of clause (1) (j) (2) (C) of rule XI of the Rules of the House of Representatives. The order of exercises and proceedings of the service shall be printed in the Congressional Record, and all Members shall have leave for 60 legislative days to extend their remarks in the Congressional Record on the life, character, and public service of deceased Members. At the conclusion of the proceedings, the Speaker shall call the House to order and then as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased he shall declare the House adjourned.

* * * * *

The resolution was agreed to.

Memorial Services
in the
House of Representatives

Eighty-first Congress
First Session

Memorial Service Program

Prelude, sacred selections (11:30 to 12)--United States Army Band

Presiding officer----------The Speaker, Hon. Sam Rayburn

Invocation----------The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery

Solo, There Is No Death (O'Hara)----------Mr. Robert C. Nicholson
At the piano------Sgt. Albert Goepper

Scripture reading and prayer----------The Chaplain

Roll of deceased Members
The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Devotional silence.

Address----------Hon. Reva Beck Bosone
Representative from the State of Utah

Solo: Requiem (Homer)----------Mr. Robert C. Nicholson
At the piano------Sgt. Albert Goepper

Address----------Hon. Frances P. Bolton
Representative from the State of Ohio

Taps----------Sgt. Charles Barnes

Echo----------Sgt. George Myers

Benediction----------The Chaplain

Harlan John Bushfield

Memorial Services

WEDNESDAY, *May 25, 1949.*

The SPEAKER of the House of Representatives (Mr. Rayburn) presided.

The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery:

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy holy spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee and worthily magnify Thy holy name. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Mr. Robert C. Nicholson, accompanied at the piano by Sgt. Albert Goepper sang There Is No Death (O'Hara).

The CHAPLAIN—

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the pres-

ence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil: my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

"As I stand by my cross on the lone mountain's crest,
Looking over the ultimate sea,
In the gloom of the mountain a ship lies at rest,
And one sails away from the lea.
One spreads its white wings on a far-reaching track,
With pennant and sheet flowing free;
One hides in the shadow with sails laid aback—
The ship that is waiting for me!

"But lo! in the distance the clouds break away!
The Gate's glowing portals I see;
And I hear from the outgoing ship in the bay
The song of the sailors in glee.
So I think of the luminous footprints that bore
The comfort o'er dark Galilee;
And wait for the signal to go to the shore,
To the ship that is waiting for me."

Heavenly Father, our minds are arrested as we pause to meditate upon the brevity of this life and the immortality of the human soul. Thy providential care towers above the horizons of human needs, and reveals the ultimate blessing to those who pass this way. Our hearts sing, "God cares."

O Thou who didst bow Thy head upon the cross, comfort the sorrowing ones who linger here. Not in vain do we call upon Thee, for we know that neither death, nor life, nor powers, nor any other creature can separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

Mr. Alney E. Chaffee, reading clerk of the House of Representatives, read the following roll:

JOHN HOLMES OVERTON, a Senator from the State of Louisiana: Born September 17, 1875; lawyer; graduated from the Louisiana

State University at Baton Rouge in 1895 and from Tulane University at New Orleans in 1897; former member of the board of supervisors of Louisiana State University; Member of the House of Representatives, the Seventy-second Congress; elected to the United States Senate in 1932, 1938, and 1944; died May 14, 1948.

HARLAN JOHN BUSHFIELD, a Senator from the State of South Dakota: Born August 6, 1882; lawyer; attended the Dakota Wesleyan University at Mitchell, S. Dak.; graduated from the Minnesota University Law School at Minneapolis in 1904; served as Governor of South Dakota, 1939–42; elected to the United States Senate in 1942; died September 27, 1948.

JOSEPH MELVILLE BROUGHTON, a Senator from the State of North Carolina: Born November 17, 1888; lawyer; attended Hugh Morson Academy, Wake Forest College, and Harvard University Law School; member of the State senate, 1927–29; served on the board of trustees of Wake Forest College and the University of North Carolina; Governor of North Carolina, 1941–45; elected to the United States Senate in 1948; died March 6, 1949.

THOMAS LEONARD OWENS, Seventh Congressional District of Illinois: Born December 21, 1897; lawyer; attended Northwestern University and De Paul University, Chicago, Ill.; graduated from Loyola University Law School, Chicago, Ill., in 1926; served as a private in World War I; Member of the Eightieth Congress; died June 7, 1948.

MILTON HORACE WEST, Fifteenth Congressional District of Texas: Born June 30, 1888; lawyer; attended the West Texas Military Academy, San Antonio, Tex.; served with Company C, Texas Rangers, in 1911 and 1912; district attorney, 1922–25; assistant district attorney, 1927–30; served in the State house of representatives, 1930–33; Member of the Seventy-third to Eightieth Congresses, inclusive; died October 28, 1948.

JOHN JOSEPH DELANEY, Seventh Congressional District of New York: Born August 21, 1878; merchant; lawyer; attended St. James' Academy, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Manhattan College, New York City; graduated from Brooklyn Law School; St. Lawrence University, in 1914; delegate to the Democratic State conventions in 1922 and 1924; deputy commissioner of public markets of New York City, 1924–31; Member of the Sixty-fifth and the Seventy-second to the Eightieth Congresses, inclusive, and Member-elect of the Eighty-first Congress; died November 18, 1948.

SOL BLOOM, Twentieth Congressional District of New York: Born March 9, 1870; music publisher; captain in the New York Naval Reserves in 1917; director of the United States George Washington

Bicentennial Commission; director general of the United States Constitution Sesquicentennial Commission; chairman of Committee on Celebration of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the United States Supreme Court; director and United States Commissioner, New York World's Fair, 1939; Member of the Sixty-eighth to the Eighty-first Congresses, inclusive; died March 7, 1949.

ANDREW LAWRENCE SOMERS, Tenth Congressional District of New York: Born March 21, 1895; manufacturer; attended Manhattan College and New York University in New York City; served in World War I as a hospital apprentice, ensign, and naval aviator; delegate to the Democratic National Convention in 1928; Member of the Sixty-ninth to the Eighty-first Congresses, inclusive; died April 6, 1949.

ROBERT LEWIS COFFEY, JR., Twenty-sixth Congressional District of Pennsylvania: Born October 21, 1918; engineer; soldier; attended the University of Pittsburgh and Penn State College; appointed as a flying cadet in 1939 and during World War II served through successive promotions from second lieutenant to lieutenant colonel; flew 97 combat missions; received numerous citations and decorations, including the Distinguished Flying Cross 8 times, and the Air Medal 27 times; served as military air attaché, United States Embassy, Santiago, Chile, 1945–48; Member of the Eighty-first Congress; died April 20, 1949.

Mrs. NORTON, a Representative from the State of New Jersey, standing in front of the Speaker's rostrum, placed a memorial rose in a vase as the name of each deceased Member was read by the Clerk.

There followed a period of devotional silence, during which the Members stood.

The SPEAKER. The Chair recognizes the gentlewoman from Utah [Mrs. Bosone].

Hon. REVA BECK BOSONE, a Representative from the State of Utah, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. REVA BECK BOSONE

Mrs. BOSONE. Mr. Speaker, it is with gratitude that I accept your invitation to participate in today's memorial exercises. I realize the responsibility of fully expressing the spirit of warm friendship and the reverence which the

Members of this distinguished body have for those comrades who have lifted that curtain of mystery and gone on to eternal rest. It is with a spirit of humility that I attempt my assignment.

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all—
A song of those who answer not,
However, we may call;
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore—
The kind, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

It's hard to take the burden up
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown;
But, oh, 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore!
Thanks to God that such have been,
Although they are no more.

More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare;
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God, forever more.

Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more.

Bright is the morning with glaring light when the sun rises in the east. Brighter still become its rays as the morning grows into noon—the most brilliant part of the day. As afternoon wears on, the heavens shade the brilliance with colors in full bloom—the sunset. Then the twilight gathers in luxuriant hues, evening descends, and darkness puts the world to sleep.

So it is with the life span of man. With great exultation a child is born. A smile is on every face. With each hope

of life's expectancy, dreams are translated into reality. At the noontime of man's life great in luster is his development, varied is his activity, and bright is his future. As life wears on, his colorful contributions envelop him. Twilight slows the pace but sweetens the path—night descends. He who was once a child becomes a man, and in the evening of his life slips away into the night to rest forever.

In the midst of today's turmoil and haste, it is fitting that we pause to pay homage to those Members of Congress who in this past year have answered their last roll call. When those illustrious gentlemen—Senators JOHN HOLMES OVERTON, of Louisiana; HARLAN JOHN BUSHFIELD, of South Dakota; and JOSEPH MELVILLE BROUGHTON, of North Carolina—answered to their names on those heavenly rolls, I am sure it was with a strong voice of conviction, and that they went with a firm step of courage—two qualities so eminent in these distinguished statesmen.

It was with sweet satisfaction that I perused the Records and found sincere appreciation of the attributes of each of the Members of the House when notice came of his passing. Let me pay tribute to them in the words of one of their colleagues:

I know no man who assumed his responsibilities and duties as a Member of Congress more seriously than TOM OWENS. His name will go down in history as one of those rare individuals who made a thorough study of legislation and fought for what he considered to be right and just and in the best interests of the people of our glorious country.

Those who served with MILTON WEST know that he was firm in his convictions and, moreover, that he had the courage to stand by them at all times and under all circumstances. Here was the type of Representative who never deviated from what he considered the fundamental principles of sound government.

JOHN DELANEY was not only a lovable personality but a man of understanding nature; a man with whom anyone could live, without regard to differences of opinion or race or color or creed, because he was possessed of that one spirit, which I think is more important to enable people to live together than anything else—

the spirit of understanding, of respect of one for the other, with an understanding state of mind.

America gave SOL BLOOM his opportunity and America honors him in passing. He was a devoted public servant. He represents the challenge of our civilization.

ANDREW SOMERS was a great student and authority on the Constitution of the United States—its origin and its interpretation. He was perhaps the greatest authority in the House on the world monetary situation. President Roosevelt recognized his knowledge and ability by appointing him a delegate to the International Monetary Conference that was held in London.

It has brought sorrow to the hearts of all of us to see the sudden passing from our midst of so young a man as Col. ROBERT COFFEY—one who had such a brilliant record in the war and who bore such promise of great accomplishment in the field of government and statesmanship.

To these tributes which have already been spoken, those of us here know that we can add one other tribute which is applicable to each and every one of these men. It is this: "As the soldier died in patriotic service, so did he."

Today the eyes of the whole world are centered on the building in which we now sit—the Capitol of the United States. The words that are spoken and the deeds that are consummated here have a deep and abiding effect on men and women all around the globe. Unrequested, our great country through its humanitarian philosophy has assumed world leadership and world responsibility.

That this country now sits on this pinnacle of preeminence is due in no small measure to many of the men who stood during their lifetime in the well of this House.

> Thanks be to God that such have been,
> Although they are no more.

'Tis true—no more they live in their worldly tabernacles—no more do we feel the warmth of their friendly smile, the grip of a strong handshake—the chastisement of our views on legislation, sometimes deserved. But truly we feel the inspiration of what they said—and what they did. Their convictions and their deeds will live forever in the statutes of

this Nation. Their courage and humanity have forged an unbroken chain of friendship among those they met in their service to their country.

> Thanks be to God that such have been,
> Although they are no more.

"No more?" Who can say that? Regardless of a person's religious views or church affiliation, it is difficult to say where this influence leaves off. A word said today, blossoms into a thought tomorrow, and eventually activates a deed. Where is the end? There is none. Kind words and noble deeds go on forever. Their identity is lost, but the identity is not important.

Have you ever sat on the side of a mountain and observed the bigness of the universe? Have you ever stood on a high pinnacle where a panoramic view of God's handiwork overwhelmed you? One's ego vanishes into nothingness upon the sight of God's creation.

There is no end—a beginning of something else—what? Does it matter? If it does, climb to the topmost ridge of the nearest hill and drink in the fresh air and relax in nature's beauty. Fast will come the realization that there is a plan—a beginning, a development—a death—a death that there must be a rebirth. There is no end.

Some trees have shallow roots. They spread widely, but are stumped. Their shadow is large for awhile, but the tree soon topples and is gone.

Other trees send their roots deep into the earth. They reach for the heavens and grow tall. Their shadow is broad and long and remains for hundreds of years.

Some men develop fast and glamorously, but leave without an imprint upon the life of man—their shadow fades.

Other men work slowly but surely for the benefit of their fellowman. Their unselfish and noble thoughts and deeds give them a deep and rich foundation upon which they grow—grow to such a height and with such firm roots that their shadow lasts.

Some had a full day in which to develop; others, like Colonel COFFEY, lived a long life, but a short day.

We have long ceased to count the numerical years of a man's life, his life is calculated only on the scale of achievement, not selfish attainments but contributions to the happiness and security of mankind.

I feel sure that each Member of Congress who has answered the final roll call has shortened his life because he has placed responsibility to his country first. His community and State achievements have been given national expression. The weight of his conscientiousness in his daily work gave him deep roots, a long shadow, and an everlasting influence in the world.

Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more.

Death is only an old door,
Set in a garden wall;
On gentle hinges it gives, at dusk
When the thrushes call.

There is nothing to trouble any heart;
Nothing to hurt at all.
Death is only a quiet door
In an old wall.

Our beloved colleagues—

Cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
What e'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God, for ever more.

Mr. Robert C. Nicholson, accompanied at the piano by Sgt. Albert Goepper, sang Requiem (Homer).

The SPEAKER. The Chair recognizes the gentlewoman from Ohio [Mrs. Bolton].

Hon. FRANCES P. BOLTON, a Representative from the State of Ohio, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. FRANCES P. BOLTON

Mrs. BOLTON of Ohio. Mr. Speaker, some 15 years ago I was in London on the November day that marks the cease-

fire order of the First World War. We call it Armistice Day, the British call it Remembrance Day, and so observe it.

It was not cold, but there was a mist which now and again became the soft rain with which Londoners are so familiar. Close after dawn the people began to gather at the Cenotaph, that simple monument in the very heart of busiest London to which every cabby unobtrusively tips his hat as he drives by it with a reverence which comes from his heart. There was to be a simple memorial service there in midmorning, read by bishops and archbishops, attended by the King and Queen and all the royal family, and shared by all the great and small who could get near enough to hear, as well as those who just stood quietly beyond the range of sight and hearing.

Many of the battle monuments had been designated as gathering places. We chose the one at Hyde Park corner, where a platoon of the regiment whose dead were honored there stood watch. At a few minutes before 11 a car drove up, several men in the formal morning coats of Members of Parliament got out, and in their turn placed a wreath and took their places beside the monument.

If you knew London in the thirties, you knew the teeming noise of that unbelievably busy corner with its busses, cabs, and cars of every sort, its hawkers of every kind. Then suddenly the bugler sounded the first note of taps, and instantaneously there was silence, hats were off, and we all stood motionless as the poignant call went out, to be taken up in the distance to the north, to the south, to the east, to the west, like echoes in the mist. Tears ran unchecked from the eyes of stalwart men and sad-eyed women as the sound died. Then once again the bugler raised his bugle to his lips—reveille. The English notes vary a little from ours, but there was no mistaking the call.

Deeply moved, I waited until the crowd had gone and I could go quietly up to this bugler and ask some little question which would perhaps draw from him the reason for this second call, as it did. He saluted, tears still in his eyes and

on his cheek. "Yes, lady, we plays them taps and then we plays them reveille to remind us of the Resurrection."

Later in the day we went to Westminster Abbey, outside of which, in the grass plot, miniature cemetery lots had been marked out, each with the name of some regiment, each with rows of tiny crosses made of palm with a red poppy at the crossbar. There were literally thousands of them, and even as we stood there men and women and children came quietly and planted their crosses beside those already there.

And inside the Abbey?

I wish I could paint the picture to you in words you would never forget. We took our places at a side door in the quiet line that had begun its march in the early morning and in a few minutes found ourselves in the great Abbey. Only the chancel was lighted—the boy choir was chanting evensong. A deep red velvet rope outlined the slab under which lies the body of their unknown soldier. Four guards stood at the four corners. Heaped waist high upon the stone were red roses, placed there one by one even as we placed ours as we, too, paid our respects to the unknown dead—a steady stream of men and women from early day to dark—remembering.

Mr. Speaker, we, too, as a Nation have our Memorial Day. We, too, pay homage to our gallant dead who served their country on the battlefields of earth and sky and sea. This we shall do in all the cemeteries of this great land and those beyond the seas when Monday is upon us.

We here of the Congress of this indissoluble Union of great States have our own remembrance day when we come together to honor those who served their country in these halls through years that held both peace and war.

We have gathered here on this lovely spring afternoon in especial remembrance of those men to whom the gateway into the unseen has opened during the past year. Permit me to name them one by one that we may bring them more closely among us at this moment:

Senator JOHN H. OVERTON, Louisiana.

Senator HARLAN J. BUSHFIELD, South Dakota.

Senator J. MELVILLE BROUGHTON, North Carolina.
Representative THOMAS L. OWENS, Illinois.
Representative MILTON H. WEST, Texas.
Representative JOHN J. DELANEY, New York.
Representative SOL BLOOM, New York.
Representative ANDREW L. SOMERS, New York.
Representative ROBERT L. COFFEY, JR., Pennsylvania.

We come to do them honor, these whose span of years is done, with the warmth of their personalities still with us and the echo of their voices still lingering in these halls. We come to commend them to the Almighty and to wish them godspeed on their next adventure.

As is our custom we have invited their families to come among us that they may know we share their loss, that we reach out our hands and hearts to them in their bereavement.

Friends, we welcome you. We hope that there may flow into you the warmth of this fellowship and that it may never grow cold. Especially do I welcome you, for I, too, have sat in those very seats with my sons and have been lifted up on this same tide of understanding. May you take with you from this hour of togetherness a new courage, and a deepened sense of what the years of service given here to our great country by the men you love meant to them and to the land they served. May you know beyond all shadow of doubt that "grief" can be and "should be, like joy, majestic, equable, sedate, confirming, cleansing, raising, making free, strong to consume small troubles, to command great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end"—Aubrey de Vere.

May you have learned ere this that grief is but a selfish thing, that death is one with life even as the river and the sea are one. May you have found that "in the depth of your hopes and desires lies your silent knowledge of the beyond, and like seeds dreaming beneath the snow your heart dreams of spring." May I urge you to "trust the dreams, for in them is hidden the gate to eternity"—Khali Gibran.

"A nation is not a tangible thing, not a building of bricks and mortar that will crash to ruins at the first strong blow." A nation is not its laws, its customs, its behavior, even its history. "It is an echo of the past, a whisper from the future, the whole bound together with the lives, the hopes, and the endeavors of millions of men and women"—Daphne du Maurier. The strength of a nation is the morale, the restraint of its people.

Our America was founded upon a dream and established upon a vision. To the peoples of the world, America stands as a symbol of strength and progress, of enlightened living. Let us remember that, whenever we listen for the echoes of other days, and lift our eyes and try to see over the cusp of tomorrow's dawn.

For 90 and more years these very walls have welcomed the men and women who have taken their turn here under the seals of the States of which the Union is made up, to formulate the laws that should protect the freedom which God in His wisdom permits us to enjoy. Insofar as they have had light they have endeavored to be faithful to their solemn oath to protect the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, both without and within, the Constitution which gave us "a threefold cord that is not quickly broken"—Ecclesiastes 3: 7.

How marvelous that great document—that code under which all of us who are a part of government must function to protect the millions of simple men and women from the domination of other individuals and groups as well as that of government itself. Fluid, with its roots in the fundamental truths of man's very existence, containing within itself the formulas of necessary change.

For close to a century within this Chamber, and the Chamber at the other end of the Capitol, the laws of this great representative Republic have been made. Men have come here from every corner of the land to bring their particular points of view, their special contributions, and lay them upon

this altar. Distances are vast, both in miles and in backgrounds of thought. The clash of sectional thinking has often hurled itself back and forth as the spokesman of each area battled for particular interest. And then again the clear bell will ring from the tower of selfless patriotism and all hearts unite as if they were singing with Langston Hughes:

Let America be America again,
  Let it be the dream it used to be.
Let it be the pioneer on the plain
  Seeking a home where he himself is free.
Let America be the dream the dreamers dream—
  Let it be the great strong land of love
Where never kings connive nor tyrants scheme.
  —*The Dream of America, Langston Hughes.*

We sit here again today in this old-fashioned Chamber where contention has flared, where compromise has been accomplished, where legislation has been brought forth. Above us the state seals have been a reminder that we are indeed a union of many different and differing groups. Our hearts are softened by our common loss, while before our inner eye pass these with whom we have shared the burden and the joy of service here. We shall miss them always.

Let us hope that the vibrations of loyalty and service of these many years have penetrated deep into these walls, that they may give back to those who listen the charge to be vigilant, the courage to be strong, lest freedom, the most cherished of all man's privileges, be taken from us.

These walls are saying to us even now:

There was a dream that men could one day speak the thoughts of their own choosing.

There was a hope that men could one day stroll through streets at evening, unafraid.

There was a prayer that each could speak to his own God—in his own church.

That dream, that hope, that prayer became America!

Great strength, youthful heart, vast enterprise, hard work make it so.

Now that same America is the dream, the hope, the prayer of the world.

Our freedom, its dream. Our strength, its hope. Our swift race against time, its prayer.
We must not fail the world now.
We must not fail to share our freedom with it afterwards.
Keep singing, keep working, and fight for America.
—*From The Flag Speaks.*

Yes, this land we love was dreamed into being as all things are, for first must come the stirring of the idea and then the bringing it forth into form. But that is not all—for if it is not seized hold upon and built up stone by stone, arch by arch, spire by spire, it will lie quiet until some other comes and builds it to the skies.

When the dream has been dreamed and vision has brought it into being, men must have the courage to find out its depths and heights, its breadth and all its implications and the endurance to work unceasingly to make it live, to protect it from vandals, to share it with those who have it not.

This they have done in goodly measures, these in whose name we gather here—with those whose footsteps have grown faint with the years. May we add their courage and their longings to our own, for we are a Nation so truly wanting to do right, we Americans; but we still mistake the just wanting for the doing, for the being. Just wanting to be friends with others will not make us so. Much must first be built of trust, of confidence, of mutual respect, before there can be the strong handclasp of understanding.

Just crying aloud: Let there be peace, Oh Lord, peace in our time—will not bring peace. When shall we learn the lesson that if we really would end war, if we would preserve freedom, then must we—

Create great peace—
The peace that demands all of a man,
His love, his life, his veriest self;
Plunge him in the smelting fires of a work that becomes his child;
Coerce him to be himself at all hazards, with the toil and the mating that belong to him:
Compel him to serve—
Give him a hard peace: a peace of discipline and justice—

Kindle him with vision, invite him to joy and adventure;
Set him at work, not to create things,
But to create men,
Yes, himself.
Go search your heart, America—
Turn from machine to man,
Build, while there is yet time, a creative peace—
While there is yet time;
For if you reject great peace,
As surely as vile living brings disease
So surely shall your selfishness bring war.
—*From 1914 and After War and Laughter, by James Oppenheim.*

This same thought so forcefully given by James Oppenheim after the First World War was expressed to me in other language in 1945 by an ensign in our Naval Reserve. He wrote:

Be strong, curious, tenacious in your investigations and thinking on the various matters that come before you. Be critical of anything that tends to regulate our lives—demand facts, not fine words, from those who sell these things. Don't be afraid to let us struggle with our lives, for out of struggle comes strong people.

What wisdom in his words. "Do not be afraid to let us struggle with our lives."

Is it perhaps fear that gives birth to measures that would deprive our youth of struggle, of the compulsion to serve, of the discipline of justice? Is it fear that tempts us to give him something other than a hard peace? Are we afraid to turn loose the creative forces of our people to build the creative peace that Oppenheim has said is the one way to keep from war?

If this is so then let us use these precious moments of togetherness to clasp hands, and hearts, reviewing our faith in the God in whom we have put our trust that His power may strengthen our courage and add to it the wisdom and the carelessness of self that are the essentials of leadership. Let

us reconsecrate ourselves to the preservation of freedom with all its implications of individual responsibility and of selfless recognition of the interdependence of men and of nations. Let us remind ourselves that only as we give shall we possess, that only as we strive shall we attain.

These men who were our colleagues only yesterday—and the many others who preceded them, have left a command to service upon us that we may not set aside. Their valiant souls were here among us so short a time ago, striving to serve America.

We salute you, comrades, and we pledge you our word that we shall not falter in the task of protecting freedom here at home. Nor shall we fail to hold the torch high in the darkness that enshrouds the world, that other peoples far across the sea may take fresh heart and go forward toward the dawn. To do this we do know that we must "put our hand into the hand of God for that shall be to us better than a light and safer than a known way"—King George VI. What lies ahead is uncharted territory, unknown ways, for the world has changed, all things are new and we who must walk here yet a little time must take a fresh hold on courage and on faith. And let us be quite certain that could we but hear these comrades of ours as they speak to us they might well be saying:

You must not weep or grieve for me, but see
My joy that all my earthly chains be broke.
I go to other fields, a fairer land—
  New vistas, wider visions meet my eye,
There will be other labors for my hand,
  And new adventures 'neath that other sky.
No sigh nor tears that dissipate the soul
  Can build a lasting monument on earth
For rather would I see my life-work whole,
  See you convert it to some last worth.

—*A Message, by Roscoe Charles Wilson.*

So we have come together for an hour sharing our sorrow, strengthening our faith, taking fresh courage for the work ahead—their work and ours.

Grant us Thy blessing, Lord.

Unveil oh Thou who are the sustenance of the universe, from whom all doth proceed, to whom all must return. Thou face of the true sun now hidden by a vase of golden light, that we may see the truth and do our whole duty on our long journey to Thy sacred seat.

—*From the Sanskrit.*

Sgt. Charles Barnes, United States Army, sounded taps, the echo being sounded by Sgt. George Myers.

The Chaplain pronounced the following benediction:

Now unto Him who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and evermore. Amen.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the Senate

FRIDAY, *December 31, 1948.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Swanson, one of its reading clerks, communicated to the Senate the resolutions of the House adopted as a tribute to the memory of Hon. HARLAN J. BUSHFIELD, late a Senator from the State of South Dakota.

Mr. GURNEY. Mr. President, at this time it is my sad responsibility to remind the Senate, that since our last meeting in August, one of our number has been called to his final reward.

I refer to my esteemed colleague HARLAN J. BUSHFIELD, who passed away September 27, 1948, at his home in Miller, S. Dak. His passing represents a distinct and irreplaceable loss to his family, to the United States Senate, to the Nation generally, and particularly to the citizens of South Dakota in whose interests he labored unceasingly for many, many years. And, with his passing, I have felt the heavy personal sadness which engulfs one who has lost a friend.

Senator BUSHFIELD was born in Atlantic, Iowa, August 6, 1882, but moved with his parents to Dakota Territory in 1883. He attended the public schools of Miller, S. Dak., and was graduated from the University of Minnesota Law School in 1904. He made his mark in the professional field of law early in his career, and, as the years wore on, he devoted an increasing amount of time and energy to the affairs of his community, State, and Nation.

In 1938 he was elected Governor of South Dakota, and during the two terms he served he fashioned a State administration which will be a model for his successors for many years to come. Entering the United States Senate in 1943,

he quickly won the respect and admiration of the Members of this body by his sincerity and his determination to press those legislative measures which he believed would promote the general welfare of this country.

I knew and admired HARLAN BUSHFIELD for more than a score of years, and from the beginning of our friendship I knew that his conspicuous ability and tenacity of purpose made it inevitable that the area of his public service and influence would continually expand.

My affection for HARLAN BUSHFIELD was not founded on personal intimacy, nor even on parallel thinking, because on many issues our opinions differed. It was anchored on something more basic and fundamental—a healthy respect for his honesty, sincerity, and dogged determination to uphold those principles in which he believed.

The thought has often crossed my mind that HARLAN BUSHFIELD typified South Dakotans. He was honest, forthright to the point of bluntness, independent in thought, and large and rugged physically. He ascribed those qualities to others, too, and he was impatient with the sly, the devious, and the cunning wherever encountered. That is typical, I think, of South Dakotans.

And now HARLAN BUSHFIELD has answered the final quorum call. I find myself quite lacking in the eloquence necessary to word an appropriate and meaningful tribute. I must merely observe that he served his State and Nation eminently well; that he was a constructive force for good; and that he leaves us all a rich an inspirational legacy of memories of a public servant whose devotion to principle was unswerving.

Mr. President, I now send to the desk a resolution and ask that it be immediately considered.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The resolution will be read.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow and deep regret the announcement of the death of Hon. HARLAN J. BUSHFIELD, late a Senator from the State of South Dakota.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate, at the conclusion of its business today, do adjourn.

Mr. MOORE. Mr. President, I desire to associate myself with the tribute paid by the Senator from South Dakota [Mr. Gurney] to HARLAN J. BUSHFIELD. I became acquainted with the late Senator BUSHFIELD when we came to the Senate at the same time. We were personal friends, and I know him to have been a man of high standing, many friendships, and great qualities. I join with his colleague in the tribute which has been paid, and the many additional tributes which may be paid, to HARLAN J. BUSHFIELD.

Mr. AIKEN. Mr. President, I wish to add my testimonial to the remarks which have been made about our late colleague, HARLAN BUSHFIELD, by the senior Senator from South Dakota [Mr. Gurney].

I knew Senator BUSHFIELD first some years ago when we were both Governors of our respective States and learned to like and appreciate him at that time.

Later on, when he came to the Senate, it was my privilege to be associated with him for 6 years while he was a member of the Senate Committee on Agriculture.

HARLAN BUSHFIELD was a man of high principle, courage, and steadfastness of purpose. He had a firm belief in the ideals for which he stood and could not be wavered from those beliefs. I always admired this quality in the man, as well as his kindliness and courage.

His primary interest seemed to be in the welfare of the American farmer, and we all remember the very potent and powerful speech which he made in support of the tillers of

the soil about a year ago. Even when his health began to fail him, he made it a point to attend meetings of the Committee on Agriculture and the Senate whenever matters of agricultural importance were being considered, often at the expense of his own health.

He served the farmers of South Dakota and of the Nation well, and in his passing they have lost a real friend, and we Members of the Senate have lost a loyal and devoted colleague.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair understands that several other Senators wish to speak respecting our departing colleagues. The Chair suggests that Senators defer their addresses until the Senate can conclude the privileged business of the morning.

Without objection, the resolution just presented will be considered.

There being no objection, the resolution (S. Res. 273) was considered by unanimous consent and unanimously agreed to.

Mr. WHITE. Mr. President, I now move that the Senate adjourn sine die and as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Senator.

The motion was agreed to; and (at 1 o'clock and 28 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned sine die.

MONDAY, *May 23, 1949.*

Mr. YOUNG. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent to have printed in the Record a brief memorial address prepared by me on a distinguished son of South Dakota, the late HARLAN J. BUSHFIELD, with whom I had the privilege of serving in the Senate for a number of years.

There being no objection, the address was ordered to be printed in the Record, as follows:

A man who has strong convictions and who has the courage to stand up for them is a man among men.

Such a man was the late Honorable HARLAN J. BUSHFIELD, of South Dakota, who served his State with distinction as a private citizen and later in life as one of its public servants.

It was my privilege to know Senator BUSHFIELD before he came to the United States Senate, during his tenure as chairman of the South Dakota Republican Committee and as Governor of his State. A stanch Republican of the old school he never once during his political life wavered from the principles and standards which he was convinced were for the best interests of his State and Nation.

I was also privileged to serve with him on the Senate Agriculture Committee where he strove hard to solve the many problems confronting the farmers of our Nation. The farm problem was ever uppermost in his mind and farmers had no better friend in the Senate.

Senator BUSHFIELD was a kindly man—a trait which welled from his early life in Miller, S. Dak., when pioneering the then new State called for close human relationship.

As a printer's devil in his father's newspaper shop at Miller, Senator BUSHFIELD developed an early interest in public affairs—an interest to which he clung throughout life. His political philosophies were the product of individual thinking while puttering around type cases and based on his observations of life among rugged sons of the soil. He was constantly guided by these philosophies during his long political career, never compromising for political expediency. In this last he set a worthy example in this august body.

Although his colleagues here did not always agree with the Senator's convictions, they did respect his unwavering adherence to principles of government he believed were right and just.

And this, in my opinion, is one of the highest tributes which can be paid to any man.

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House

FRIDAY, *December 31, 1948.*

Mr. CASE of South Dakota. Mr. Speaker, during the recess of the Eightieth Congress the State of South Dakota also lost a member of its congressional delegation, a Member of the other body, our very distinguished Senator HARLAN J. BUSHFIELD. Senator BUSHFIELD had been twice elected Governor of our State and was completing the sixth year of his term as Senator from South Dakota. He was one of the sturdiest and stanchest sons of the Northwest and it was a great loss to the State and the Nation when he passed away.

Senator BUSHFIELD had been in poor health for some months prior to his death. Last spring that condition led to a decision to withdraw from a primary contest for nomination for reelection. Although he and his friends were confident of winning that contest, he calmly and deliberately decided that he did not have the physical strength to carry on a campaign in person at home and be faithful to his duties here in the Senate at the same time.

I shall never, never forget when he called me over to his office to tell me of his decision some days before he made a public announcement.

He was a man of great stature, a man accustomed to carrying out his convictions and his decisions with an iron will. He had led South Dakota out of the depression when he had to win support for a policy of economy and thrift and taxes in the days when drought had made our people poor. He led us with courage and confidence and the people responded to the inspiration of his call for sacrifice and hard work, though some called him cold and unfeeling.

That day, Mr. Speaker, I saw that his so-called coolness was but the calm courage of a true leader to follow the right as God gave him to see the right, cost what it might. When the time came for him to apply a difficult decision to himself he was as true as steel to his sense of duty.

He had gone through whatever Gethsemane there is when a proud man peers into the shadows and sees the end of his hopes. The marks of the struggle were on his face that morning, but he did not flinch from carrying out the mandate of his conscience.

Some days later, when he announced his decision, I made some remarks in this Chamber on the outstanding service of Senator BUSHFIELD to South Dakota and the Nation, and I shall not review them here. In passing I shall only say that in the days ahead, yes, in these very days, the world sorely needs men of the Bushfield courage, men of the Bushfield conviction, men of the Bushfield will, men who place public responsibility above personal ambition.

Mr. Speaker, I offer a resolution for the consideration of the House and ask for its immediate consideration.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the resolution (H. Res. 725):

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. HARLAN J. BUSHFIELD, a Senator of the United States from the State of South Dakota.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The resolution was agreed to.

A message from the Senate by Mr. Carrell, one of its clerks, announced that the Senate had adopted the following resolution (S. Res. 273):

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow and deep regret the announcement of the death of Hon. HARLAN J. BUSHFIELD, late a Senator from the State of South Dakota.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate, at the conclusion of its business today, do adjourn.

Mr. HALLECK. Mr. Speaker, as a further mark of respect to the deceased Member, I move that the House do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to.

Whereupon (at 1 o'clock and 20 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned sine die.

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